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FOREWORD

The writer is indebted to her beloved sister, Clara, for the inspiration and help she has given in copying and revising this history; to the brothers in recalling some of the information about the farm products; to cousin Katherine Hanna MacDonald for information of her branch of the family; and to other nieces in giving help in making the family tree which we know is not perfect but which is as nearly complete as we could make it.

Written by Ada B. Philips when 88½ years of age. This history of the Philips family is dedicated to the nieces and nephews, grand nieces and nephews, that they may know something more of the life and experiences of their great grandfather, Alfred Wilson Philips, and family, than they could otherwise know. It is a simple narrative and written with some handicaps (eyes not too good and pain from shingles which caused it to be laid aside for some months), but finished in the summer of 1958, with the hope that it may be of some help and inspiration to them to follow him in his life of faith in God. It says, "Faith of our Fathers, Holy faith; we will be true to thee til death".

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That the younger generation of our Philips family may know of their ancestry, we, Ada and Clara, have recalled and written some facts that our father, Alfred W. Philips, told us long ago, together with later events in his life and that of his family.

The Philips family is of Welch descent. In the early 1700's two brothers came from Wales to the then New World. One, it seems, was called Philip Owen; the other, Owen Philip, an old Welch custom and both typical Welch names. The "s" seems to have been added later to the name Philip. We are of Owen Philip's descent. This brother probably married in America, but nothing definite is known of the family until about Revolutionary times. The Bible records of great grandfather and grandfather Enoch Philips have been preserved, but we do not have access to them now. (They are in the library of our oldest brother, Will, in Seattle, Washington). These records in their Bibles are a mute testimony, however, of their faith in God and their love and reverence for His word.

Isaac Philips, a great uncle of Father's, was a drummer during the Revolutionary War of 1775-83. He later became a Baptist preacher. The drumsticks that were used by this uncle were preserved by our grandfather Enoch Philips, and handed down to our father, Alfred, his youngest son. Then, before our father's death, he gave them, a cherished possession, to his youngest son, Alfred Jr., and in the natural order of events they will continue to be handed down from father to son for several generations yet, D. V. They are made of Lignum Vitæ, heavy, strong, dark wood, and very durable, a highly prized relic of the Revolutionary War.

Because of the great difficulty in transporting their grain to market, many of the farmers of western Pennsylvania found it profitable to have home-made "stills" on their farms to make their extra grain into whiskey for which there was a ready market. This led George Washington, in his second term as president, to place such a heavy tax on this whiskey that the farmers refused to pay it. Serious trouble ensued. The Whiskey Rebellion (or Insurrection, as it is sometimes called) of 1794 was on. When Washington called out the national troops it was soon quelled and the farmers became obedient to the law. In the meantime, some of the families, because of the trouble, left Pennsylvania and went down into Tennessee. Among them were our great grandfather and part of his family. He remained there for several years and died there in Tennessee. Nothing is known of the family who went to Tennessee.

Some time after 1800, Grandfather Enoch, who had remained in Pennsylvania, went down to Tennessee on horseback

to bring back his mother and her possessions. Among her possessions was Great Grandfather's Bible, together with a few keepsakes and medicine bottles, all of which were carried in saddlebags and thrown across the backs of horses.

Grandfather became a well-to-do farmer in Pennsylvania. He was married twice, first to Elizabeth Gault by whom he had seven children. Sometime after his first wife's death he was married to Katherine Anderson. There were twelve children by this marriage. Our father, Alfred Wilson Philips, the youngest child of this second family, was born January 1, 1836, at Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania.

Probably all of the half brothers and sisters, and doubtless some of the older brothers and sisters were married before Father's birth.

After the close of the Revolutionary War there was again trouble with England, for she persisted in impressing American seamen into the English navy. Soon war was declared against England, and the War of 1812 began. Grandfather Enoch attained some prominence in this war, as he was commissioned a major. A large oil painting of him in his major's uniform is still preserved as a reminder to his posterity of those early struggles and the part he had in them. This picture hung in Father's home as long as he lived, then went to brother Will, his eldest son; and is now in possession of Dr. Smith G. Philips, of Worcester, Massachusetts, who is Will's eldest son.

Some time after the War of 1812, Grandfather had a beautiful and useful piece of furniture made for his home by a skilled cabinet maker. It was a combined book case, desk, and linen cupboard. The "desk" was a large drawer that would open, or "let down", inside of which were small drawers and pigeon-holes. This drawer served as Grandfather's "bank" or safe, and here he kept all papers, valuables, and money. At one time a thief robbed his bank of considerable money by carefully cutting out a piece of wood just over the lock, large enough for a man's hand to pass through. Grandfather never knew who the vandal was, but it must have been someone who was familiar with the family and knew where the treasure was located.

This old bookdesk has been in the family for 135 or 140 years. It was moved from Pennsylvania to Ohio when the family went there in 1836 or 37, then in 1857 when the family removed to Bloomington, Indiana, the bookdesk was not left behind. It was made with an artistic trim of light inlaid wood against a darker background. The same pattern was followed in its three parts. It stood, in all, about 7 feet high, but the book case was removable from the lower part making it easier to move. Father prized it and took it with him wherever he lived. At his death brother Will took it to his home. Since his death it is in the possession of his eldest grandson, William Philips Gorsline, in Seattle, Washington.

The Family Moved Westward

After many years of residence in Western Pennsylvania, Grandfather took his family west into Ohio, in 1836, when his youngest child, our father Alfred, was still a babe in arms. There were no paved roads and no moving vans then. The roads were bad and on a steep side hill the wagon in which the mother and baby were riding, overturned throwing them out, Grandmother had presence of mind, and as they were going over she threw the baby as far as she could so he would be free from the wagon. Thus he escaped injury, but the mother's leg was broken. As she was unable to travel in that condition the oldest daughter, Sarah, stayed and cared for the mother and baby in that place until she was able to travel. The rest of the family went on and established the home in eastern Ohio near Cadiz in Harrison County.

Grandfather was now 65 years old. His eldest son, David, remained on the Canonsburg farm in Pennsylvania and some of his family were still on the farm in 1900 when our step-mother visited there and brought back a little old whiskey jug, a relic of the Whiskey Insurrection of 1794. The jug was from the attic of the old farmhouse.

Grandfather and Grandmother had high ideals and wanted the best for their large family. They gave them the best education possible at that time, and as they were grown and married they settled in different parts of Ohio and became useful Christian citizens, not making money the chief concern of their lives, but serving in some useful way, their fellow-men. They were a Christian family, and to serve God and be useful in His service was ever the ideal of parents and children. This will be noted later as a more definite formal history of the family is given.

Aunt Sarah married a Mr. Park, but he lived only a few years. Then she went back home and lived for several years. While there she pieced and quilted a quilt which has been regarded as a masterpiece in later years. When Aunt Sarah finished it Father was only a boy of five or six years of age. He said to her, "Well, Sally, have you finished your ten-years' job?" She remembered what the small brother said and resolved that when she was through with the quilt, Alfred should have it. Her step-daughter sent the quilt to our father after Aunt Sarah's death. She lived to be 97 years old. The quilt is now in Mabelle Philips Bell's possession (Brother Will's youngest daughter).

The family soon established homes of their own in different parts of Ohio and Indiana. The oldest son, Uncle Enoch Philips, a farmer, had a large family, as did most of the other sons. The daughters of the family all married-- Aunt Kate Snodgrass had two sons; Aunt Eliza Jane Bryan, whose husband was Rev. John Bryan of Bloomington, Indiana, had six children who became a great blessing to their generation.

She was a bright and studious woman, and with her large family, made wise use of her time for improving her mind. Mr. Bryan was pastor of Bloomington, United Presbyterian Church in Bloomington, Indiana, for several years.

Our cousin, Uncle Harvey's youngest daughter, Mrs. Maud Board, now living in Maryland, writes us that she has a letter written by Grandfather Philips at Cadiz, in which he says "The children are all gone from home except the two youngest, Smith and Alfred. I am now an old man and not able to do much work, but the boys manage very well." It was probably soon after this that the family again moved westward. Three of the family were now living in Indiana At Hanover, near Madison, on the Ohio River, lived Aunt Sarah Hanna. Uncle Harvey lived in Bloomington, and Aunt Jane Bryan and family were there also.

In 1857 Alfred, then a young man of 21 years, moved Grandfather and Grandmother west to Bloomington, to be near some of the family. Grandfather was then 85 years old. Both he and Grandmother died in 1858, within three months of each other. Uncle Smith was never very strong, due to stomach trouble and probably migraine headaches. He stayed with his brother William, a doctor, in Ohio for some years.

After his parents' death our father stored the furniture and went to his friend, Col. Mack Wylie, of the United Presbyterian Church, to room and board and attend the Academy of the University of Indiana for a year. He identified himself with the United Presbyterian Church in Bloomington, and there he found congenial and helpful Christian fellowship. He had a fun-loving, happy disposition, and he greatly enjoyed his year in school and in the home of the Wylie family where there were several young people. Mrs. Wylie was a wise, motherly woman whom he admired. Our father had but one year at the University, then in its early days, but through the years it has become one of the great universities of our land. Our cousin, Dr. William Lowe Bryan, second son of Aunt Jane Bryan, was for 35 years the beloved president of the University of Indiana. He was held in high honor for his Christian character and for his years of service to the school. At 80 years of age he resigned his work as president of the University but continued to live on the campus. He was loved and honored by faculty, students, and friends until he passed away in 1955 at 95 years of age.

"Go West Young Man"

In the spring of 1859 Father felt he must heed the call of Horace Greely when he said, "Go West, young man, go West," Kansas was a part of the West that appealed to him. LeCompton, which later became Lawrence, was the Territorial capital, where the land offices were located and where claims could be filed.

Father's first stop was Kansas City, but Garnett was his goal. He made the trip on foot to Garnett from Kansas City, about 100 miles. The country was sparsely settled and was largely Indian country. He had great difficulty in crossing creeks and rivers for there were no bridges. It was spring and the rivers and creeks were high. An Indian ferried him across one river in his canoe. The creeks he waded, swam, or crossed on fallen logs with a long pole to aid him in balancing. One night he stayed in an Indian home, sleeping with a friendly Indian.

At last he reached Garnett, where he knew there was a United Presbyterian Church. He wished to cast his lot with them, for, like his parents, he had a living faith in God. He wanted the influence of the church in his life and to have a part in its work. He helped to build the first United Presbyterian Church building there in Garnett.

During the years 1854-1859 there had been bitter controversy as to whether Kansas should enter the Union as a free or as a slave state. Missouri was a slave state and was determined that her neighbor, Kansas, should also be for slavery. The leaders in Washington, D. C., were having bitter times over Kansas, and the "Free Soilers" sent in settlers who were determined to keep Kansas a free state. When the Civil War broke out in 1861 the "border warfare" was a time of serious trouble between the settlers of Kansas and those of Missouri.

Father enlisted in the Union army but was found unfit for army service because of a hernia, so he was rejected. However, he volunteered with the Home Guards of Kansas and saw as much war service as many in the United States Army. After the war he was received as an honored member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He maintained his membership in that lodge until his death.

A Civil War story we have often heard our father tell was one concerning his sister Katie's husband, Mr. Alfred Snodgrass. Snodgrass was a soldier in the Northern Army, but had been taken prisoner by the Confederates and sent to Libby Prison, famous for its bad living conditions and cruel treatment, often resulting in sickness and death of the northern soldiers. An exchange of prisoners with the Union Army, was to be made on a certain day and the Confederate officers had come to Libby Prison to choose the men. Many of the prisoners were crowding around the officers and pleading to be taken, telling their sad stories. Mr. Snodgrass from the back of the room saw that

the officers were paying no attention to the pleas of these men, so he resolved to try a different tack. He was a large man. He raised himself up to his full height and called in a loud voice, "I think I'm the man you want. I have the best looking wife and child in the State of Ohio, and if you let me go home to see them for a few days, I'll come back and fight you as long as there is a hair on my head." The officer called him and said, "Come on. You are my man." Thus he was freed from Libby Prison and perhaps his life was saved.

Shortly after Father went to Garnett, Kansas, in 1859 he selected and filed on 160 acres of land which he considered well located for cattle raising and farming. It was located on Cedar Creek, and was surrounded by open prairie land suitable for grazing stock. In those early years he was largely engaged in the cattle business, buying young stock in Texas, driving them north to Kansas, fattening them on the rich prairie grass through the summer, and marketing them in the fall. He found a ready market in Kansas City.

For several years this proved quite a profitable business. Then one year, when he and a partner had an unusually large herd of cattle ready for market, the partner took the herd to Kansas City for sale. Father never saw or heard of him again, so he never knew whether he was waylaid and murdered for the money, or whether he decided to keep it all for himself and "skipped the country". Life was cheap in those early days and thefts were not followed up.

After this hard experience, with little money to buy more cattle, Father decided to turn his attention to farming and making a home for himself. He felt that, now the war was over, he should settle down and have a wife and family. When he thought of the young women friends he had known in the church at Bloomington, his thoughts turned--not to the ones he had had the most fun with, nor to the ones that had sought his correspondence while he was in Kansas, but--to a quiet Christian young woman of his acquaintance, a niece of Mrs. Wylie whom he esteemed highly for her womanly virtues and her Christian character. In this young woman he thought lay many of the same characteristics. To her he wrote and sought better acquaintance by correspondence.

Miss Mattie Harbison, was the daughter of Samuel Harbison and Mary Moffitt Harbison, who had come to Bloomington years before with a colony of Scotch-Irish people from Chester County in South Carolina. Mattie was teaching school that summer of 1865 in Iowa. She was surprised to receive a letter from Alfred Philips, whom she had thought paid little attention to her, but whom she secretly admired. After months of correspondence and seeking to know the Lord's will for their lives, they became engaged. On December 27, 1866 they were married.

After a few months' visit with relatives and friends father was ready to return to Kansas. Mattie's mother, brothers, and sisters and in-laws, for some of her brothers and sisters

were already married, said "goodbye" to the one who was going so far away. The young couple started to their new home in the then "Far West".

CHAPTER 4

Life on the Kansas Farm

Father had a good two-room house built and painted white, on his Cedar Creek farm. The rooms were each 16 feet square.

Four children were born to them in the years following: William Harbison on August 6, 1868; Ada Belle on March 11, 1870; Clara Elizabeth on March 4, 1875; and Charles Strong on March 27, 1877. Many were the hardships and privations as our parents struggled to make a living and raise their family in those early years.

Father soon planted an orchard, but it was several years before it came into bearing. A large gooseberry patch furnished berries. Every year he raised several acres of sorghum cane, which, made into molasses, served as a spread in place of jams and jellies on our corn bread.

A few years after Father was married, his brother Smith, six years older than he, came to live with the family. Uncle Smith, though never very strong, became a loved member of the family, a teacher and companion of the children, and a help to Father and Mother. Because the school was two and one-half miles away from the farm the children did not attend school until they could read in the McGuffey Second Reader, and spell words of four syllables in the old McGuffey Spelling Book. Uncle Smith was our teacher until we started to school. The love and companionship that brother Will had for Uncle Smith led him, years later, to name his eldest son for him.

Those were the days when, as far as possible, everything on farm had to be made on the farm. I can remember the old candle mould in which Father and Mother made our candles which gave us light for the home. In the winter, when Father killed a beef for meat for the family (for he always raised some cattle) he saved the tallow for making candles. He bought the candle-wicking and cut it into lengths just a little longer than the hollow tubes in the mould, placing one piece in each of the eight tubes, then pouring in the melted tallow. After it hardened, it was softened a bit with heat, just enough to allow the candles to slip out, ready for use in the simple candle-sticks.

The hickory wood ashes from the stove were carefully saved and put into the ash hopper. Water was poured over the

ashes. It dripped through and the lye was saved for soap-making.

There was much work for the little mother, who was never very strong: milk to care for; churning to do; sewing for herself and four children; patching, darning, and cooking for a family of seven or eight. It could be done day after day only by the inner strength and courage she received from a loving Heavenly Father with whom she had daily blessed fellowship. She was a woman of prayer, and she prayed with and for her children. They all knew that she talked with God. They attended church in Garnett, eight miles away, whenever the weather would permit, summer and winter. The Sabbath was not a day of rest when they went to church. With all the morning chores on the farm, the children to dress, lunch to put up for them to eat on the way home, the ride in the heavy farm wagon for eight miles usually with the wind blowing hard, it made a tiresome day. But they loved the House of God, and felt the need of Sabbath School instruction for themselves and their children. They enjoyed the inspiration of the sermon as well as the Christian fellowship the day afforded.

Crops were uncertain in those early days of farming in Kansas. Sometimes rains came at the right time to make the crop grow, but sometimes they did not and crop failure was not uncommon. The year 1875 was known as the "grasshopper year" in Kansas. The season had been favorable and prospects for a fine crop were good. When the corn was about waist high, suddenly an invading army of grasshoppers changed hope to despair. The air was so filled with grasshoppers that at midday the sun was darkened by their flying bodies. When they settled they devoured every green growing thing! Father's big field of corn was a sad sight by evening. The green blades were all stripped from the stalk--nothing was left but the hard stiff stalk. As father looked closely he saw that the grasshoppers had settled to rest for the night in a nearby plot of ground that was as yet prairie sod. He set fire to that plot of prairie grass and burned up thousands upon thousands of grasshoppers. So the scourge was ended.

Then, in faith, Father put his teams into that field, plowed the ground and planted corn again. Many thought it was too late in the season for a crop to mature, but Father risked it. The rains came at the right time for the growing crop, the frosts were late, and he had the best crop he had had in years.

Where corn was the principal crop that was the grain used for bread. I can remember that the day before he was to take the corn to the mill, Father would bring into the kitchen several bushels of corn in sacks. He brought in the big wooden tub and a scoop shovel. After supper dishes were done the family would have a "corn shelling". Father would put the shovel across the tub, throw a coat or something thick and heavy, over the handle, then sit on it. With the sharp edge of the shovel down, he would draw the ears of corn across the sharp edge. The kernels would fall rapidly into the tub. The rest of the family sat around

and shelled by hand. It was a gala time for us children. We thought it lots of fun when we had corn "shelling night". The next day Father would bring home about 200 pounds of corn meal. Father and Mother kept a small amount of wheat flour to use with the corn meal, for the meal was more coarsely ground than in these later years.

Father, early in married life, began having family worship in the home just after breakfast. It became a life long custom. In the early days he liked to sing and we would sing a psalm together. He had a psalter with the music and a tuning fork to help him get the right pitch. He pressed the prongs together with his teeth, then quickly struck it on some hard surface and the vibrations would help him get the correct tone. We all had our little psalm books with just the words.

After singing the psalm Father read a chapter from the Bible; then we all knelt by our chairs while Father prayed. One petition he always made to God was "That Thou wilt bless the little ones that thou hast given us, and give us wisdom and love to train them aright".

One morning after worship Willie gave papa a little letter asking if he and Ada were old enough to unite with the church, and telling him how he felt at the last communion: that if we stayed in our seats and did not go to the communion table we were left out and might be left out of heaven. He felt that we would like to unite with the church. Father was very understanding and thankful that the children were thinking of this. He wrote back, "If you feel that you are sinners and want Jesus to forgive your sins and believe that He will if you ask Him, you are not too young". We both wrote "I do". We all shed some tears and papa said, "I'll take you to town and we will talk to the pastor and the elders; I think they will be glad to have you unite with the church."

On May 5, 1880 Willie and Ada united with the church at 10 and nearly 12 years of age. Communion was observed twice or three times a year. There were preparatory services held on the Friday and Saturday afternoons before the Sabbath service. There was a long table covered with a white cloth in front of the pulpit, with benches on either side. When the elders were ready to serve the bread and the wine, the people at the front of the church, enough to fill the table, would rise and go forward to the table, singing the 103d Psalm. When seated, the communicants were passed a plate of communion bread, then the goblet of wine. As these elements were passed down the line the pastor stood beside the table giving a message to the group. That table full would rise and pass to their seats and another group would go forward singing as they went to the Lord's table.

The collection was taken by two elders, one passing down the middle aisle, the other down the side aisle, each with a dark red, round velvet bag attached to a long smooth wooden handle, with which they would reach in to the middle of the

pews. These bags were held open at the top by a heavy wire or iron ring so that the members could drop their offerings into the beautiful bags. The bags were trimmed with a contrasting color of rich braid around the top, and a tassel of the same color was at the bottom.

After some years on Cedar Creek farm, Father began to be plagued with attacks of malaria, which became more frequent as time went on. Soon brother Willie began to have ague. For three years, off and on, he had chills and fever every third day. Then father thought of changing climate and began correspondence with Mr. S. H. Erwin who had written in the United Presbyterian Church paper about the country and climate of Waitsburg, Washington Territory. Mr. Erwin wrote father very fully about the country and felt interested in having the family come west. But Father wanted to stay in Kansas if health could be improved. He felt, too, that such a long hard move was unwise while the family was so young.

Father sold the farm on Cedar Creek and bought 150 acres of unimproved land on high ground, four miles nearer Garnett. He had a good two-story house built and other improvements made, and we moved to the new place in the spring of 1881. He prepared to make this a permanent home, but health did not improve as he had hoped. In 1883 after another long illness, when the doctor told him that if he wanted to live to raise his family he should by all means make a complete change of climate, he and Mother resolved to go to the far west. Correspondence was renewed with Mr. Erwin and plans for the change began.

In June Uncle Smith took a sudden cold which resulted in pneumonia. The doctor gave good care, the family did their best for him, but he did not recover. He passed away on June 13, 1883, leaving a sorrowing family, for he was a much loved uncle.

CHAPTER 5

Plans for the trip to Washington Territory

There were many things to be considered and plans to be made in going on such a long journey to a new country which Father had never seen. What would it mean to the family? Many were the talks with the pastor and church friends. Many were interested, the more perhaps because the minister, Rev. Charles Strong, was a cousin of our mother, and had come from Bloomington, Indiana.

Our mother's youngest brother, Uncle Sam Harbison, came from Bloomington to go west with the family and to help Father in getting ready, for he was not yet strong from the malarial fever of the spring.

There was no direct railroad from Kansas City to Walla Walla, Washington Territory. The Northern Pacific had a line

through to the coast, but that was far north of Kansas City which would have to be our starting point. Father decided it would be best to go on the Union Pacific as far as their railroad was completed, which was somewhere in Idaho, and then plan to drive from there to Walla Walla. That could be done by chartering a freight car and taking wagons, teams, and household furniture. Father wisely and carefully planned every detail.

He wanted to have everything new and strong for the long journey, and to have the things we would need after reaching the country. First he bought a new organ, for he wanted the children to have music in the home as they grew up. He and Uncle Sam Harbison went to Kansas City and bought three new Studebaker wagons, with covers and bows for the wagons; a hack, or spring wagon, to have after we were there; three sets of new harness for the three teams; a good-sized tent and camp stove; and a new cook stove for the Washington Territory home.

Father did not sell the farm. He thought it would be better to rent for a year until he knew whether he would find the new country satisfactory. A good renter was found.

The day of the sale, the stock, farm implements, and everything we were not taking with us, was sold except a barrel of cider vinegar. Father said, "We will roll the barrel into the freight car. It may be we will find a use for it."

Much prayer had been made for God's guidance and protection for the family in this new experience. The Sabbath before we started the sermon was directed to the little family and the text Rev. Charles Strong used was Ex. 33:15 - "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." Surely God heard, and His blessing and protection surrounded the family all the way. They felt His leading and guidance.

Uncle Sam went with the freight car and started four or five days before the family, for freight trains might be delayed. We left Garnett September 25, 1883. Willie was 15; Ada, 13; Clara, 8; and Charlie, 6 years old. Mother had prepared much fried chicken, cookies, bread and butter; and she took things to cook on the way.

In Kansas City we were placed in an emigrant car on the through train. A large cook stove stood at one end of the car where the mothers could cook some things, make coffee, etc. The wooden seats pulled together at night and the porter brought in mattresses filled with excelsior or straw. We thought we were well provided for. Little tables were brought by the porter at meal time, which were placed between the seats. We had a place to eat and to sleep when we were not looking out the windows, for there was much to see.

Kansas was a prohibition state, so we children were much surprised the next day when we got to Colorado, to see liquor stores and saloon signs as we passed through the towns. We had never seen these in our state.

We were thrilled when we first saw the mountains, for Kansas is a prairie state. The beautiful scenery was a joy to us. When we passed through Pocatella, Idaho, we saw Indians for the first time in our lives. It was an interesting and exciting experience to the younger members of the family, for they had little thought of the uncertainty of what was before us.

At last, after several days' ride, we came to the little town of Caldwell, Idaho, which was the end of the railroad. The road bed was graded further, but no rails laid as yet. It was a town of tents; only the depot was finished. The one hotel had walls and roof, and was open for business -- meals and sleeping quarters -- but there were no partitions for rooms, only temporary curtains. Other houses were in the process of construction, but none were finished. The hotel was the only place the emigrant family could go.

The kind hotel man and his good wife took us in and made us welcome and as comfortable as possible until the freight train would arrive with our Uncle and our things. A room was curtained off with sheets; we could spread our bed covers on the floor. On the train at least we had had mattresses. The hotel lady allowed mother to cook our meals on her stove when she was not using it. It was two weeks before our goods came, a long two weeks, especially for Father and Mother. The woman was very kind and good to the children who had nothing to do. When she had time she told them stories to entertain them. One story was especially interesting to Clara and Charlie, the story of "Why the Rabbit Had a Short Tail". Clara remembered it for years and often entertained other children by telling it over and over.

At long last the train arrived bearing our chartered car. Then began a busy time for our men, unloading the car, setting up the wagons, loading the furniture and household things into the wagons, and getting ready for the 300-mile journey by team to Mr. Erwin's home near Walla Walla, Washington Territory.

A serious trouble had developed in those few days. One of the horses had contracted a cold on the train and died with lung fever. She was a fine young mare that Father had bought for the trip. It left us one horse short for the three teams, but a way was provided. The hotel owner had a horse that he had used when he drove the stage. It was not able now for stage driving but was strong enough for general use and was a good puller. He wanted to sell the horse. When he knew about the barrel of cider vinegar that Father had brought he proposed to trade the horse for the barrel of vinegar which he needed in his hotel work. We had asked God for guidance, now it was given. Father had said "We will take it along, it may come in handy". The horse not only filled our need for the journey but made a good trusty horse for work on the farm for many years.

At last, after many delays, we were ready to start on our overland trip. There were three covered wagons, two horses in

each team. Father drove one wagon with the hack tied on behind the wagon; Uncle Sam Harbison drove another; and Mamma and Willio took turns driving the third team.

Our little wagon train started from Caldwell, Idaho, just after noon, over a dirt road through the sage brush. We saw no one all afternoon except one man on horseback. Father had been told we would find water and a place to camp where men were digging an irrigation canal, but we had been late in starting and night came before we reached there. The dim road led down a long steep grade into the valley below. We could see lights from the camp fires of the workmen, but we children imagined it was Indian camps. The brakes on the wagons were new and screeched with such a dismal sound that remembered it for years and often talked about it.

We found water and a good place to camp. The men set up the tent and Mamma got our supper on the new two-holed sheet iron camp stove while the men fed and watered the horses. After supper, beds were made on the ground and we all slept our first night camping out.

In the morning while Mamma was making biscuits for breakfast a sage hen, or prairie chicken, which was being chased by a hawk, darted inside the tent door, lit in the pan of flour, then floundered out through the back of the tent. We children hoped the hawk did not get the poor frightened bird.

Another episode of that morning which we all remember is this. Six year old brother Charlie wanted to see the water in the big ditch once more. He ran to the irrigation ditch just as we were ready to start, got too close, and fell in. Rescuers were close by and no serious damage resulted, only a frightened little boy whose clothes all had to be changed and the wet ones hung up about the wagon to dry as we travelled that morning.

With sandy roads and heavy loads we could average about twenty miles a day. When we reached Weiser, Idaho, a village on the Weiser River, we recovered our stove which was missing. In the confusion of unloading the freight cars our new cook stove had been mistakenly placed with a hardware order for Weiser, and had been delivered there by a six-mule team freight wagon.

By Saturday evening we had reached the Snake River, a large river and rightly named for its many twists and turns in its long course. The ferryman's house was on the far side of the river, but he saw our little caravan and brought his boat over to ferry us across. There was just time before dark to pitch the tent and gather sage brush and driftwood for our little stove. It was a dismal sandy place and a strong wind was blowing, but we stayed there over the Sabbath Day.

During the day another man was ferried across the river. He stopped and talked with Father for an hour or two. Father

found that the man lived at Summerville, Oregon, at the foot of the Blue Mountains, which was on our route. The man said, "At the rate you are travelling you will reach there about next Saturday night". He invited Father and Mother to camp at his place. It was a kind invitation and very much appreciated. This place was very windy and uncomfortable. Sabbath night the wind became harder and toward morning the tent blew down. The men could not set it up in the dark with the wind blowing a gale so Father went to the ferryman's house and asked if the family could come into his house for the rest of the night. He kindly gave us permission to do it. He also let Mamma get breakfast on his stove. Father and Mother had wisely provided food to use for the wagon journey and had brought from the Kansas home flour, meat (several hams), beans, potatoes, dried apples, etc., so we were supplied with staple articles, which was well for there was very little chance to get things by the way.

Day after day we travelled on, sometimes on roads that were fairly good, sometimes on very bad ones. We passed through Burnt River Canyon in Eastern Oregon, the little town of Baker, and a good many farm houses.

CHAPTER 6

Still on the Way to Washington

The children took turns riding in the different wagons for a change, for it was tiresome riding all day without much of interest to see. Clara and Charlie liked to ride with Uncle Sam for he would "tell riddles", sing snatches of songs, and tell stories to interest them.

Often the road had only one track and little room to pass another team and when we came to such a place the men would have to help each other by, one standing on the brakes on the upper side of the wagon so the wagon would not upset, while another drove. Sometimes on steep places the two horses could not pull the load; then the men would have to "double team" -- unhitch the two horses from one wagon and put four to each wagon to get it over the bad place. To do this for three wagons took time and hard work.

In one place we passed through a fertile valley where there were good farms. We stayed over night with a family that had a productive farm and a nice house. They had a wonderful garden. We were surprised at the size of the cabbage and other things. They sold us a nice lot of fresh vegetables which were a treat to us.. They were kind enough to invite us to spread our bed-covers on the floor of their house for the night--true western hospitality.

By Saturday forenoon we were in Summerville, Oregon, where

the man lived whom we had seen the week before, and father camped at this new-found friend's place as he had been invited to do.

We were now at the foot of the Blue Mountains on the Oregon side. When we crossed them we would be in Washington Territory and in the Walla Walla Valley near our journey's end. Here we rested over the Sabbath again. The men greased the wagons, saw that the horses were well shod and the harness in good condition for the hard trip over the mountains. Mamma prepared and baked a big baking of light bread for the family, on our kind friend's cook stove.

By Monday morning the teams were rested, the family refreshed, and everything ready for the trip over the mountains, which trip would take several days. We were told it was late in the fall for crossing the mountains and that we would likely find snow when we got to the summit.

About the middle of the forenoon we came to such a steep place the two horses could not pull the loads, so we had to stop and put four horses to each wagon. More than once the men had to stand on the brakes on the upper side of the wagons because it was so high on the other side there was danger of the wagon upsetting. Just before camping time in the evening we came to such a steep hill that it was too hard for the horses to pull, and again it was necessary to double team. It was too late in the evening to have time to do this for the three wagons and still have time to set up camp, get our beds fixed and get supper over before dark. A consultation was held. It was decided to take two wagons up, pitch the tent for the night, hunt the spring of water which we had been told was near there, while Mamma would get supper there where we were; then after supper take the last wagon up the hill.

So everybody got busy. The two-holed sheet iron stove was set up in the open and the box of provisions gotten out. The children scurried around and got fuel for the stove, helped as much as they could, and had a good time running around after having been in the wagons all day. Clara was the first to see the men coming back. She ran to tell Mamma so she could have supper all ready. All were hungry and ready for a hearty supper.

Immediately after supper the stove and supper things were hastily put into the wagon, and the last wagon was taken up the hill by four horses. We still had time to get our beds made down in the tent before dark.

The next day we climbed steadily higher and higher up the mountain, which was a wonder and surprise to us children, but the roads were fairly good. As we got near the summit we found snow. There was about a foot of snow on the ground where we camped that night; but under a big pine tree where the tent was pitched, the ground was bare. The men found water near; we had

feed for our horses, a good supply of food for the family; and we were quite comfortable in our tent, with beds on a foundation of fir boughs. We were surrounded by snow on the ground but not under us.

Next morning we were off as early as possible. It snowed on us for a few hours, then turned to rain. The roads were bad and we made slow progress. There were many stumps in the middle of the road. About mid-afternoon the tongue of the hack that was tied to father's wagon, caught on one of these high stumps and broke off. He called to the ones in front and all teams stopped, while Father and Uncle Sam worked to get the tongue attached to the wagon again. While working father removed his raincoat and threw it over a bush by the side of the road. When the repairs were finished, in a hurry to get started again, no one thought of the rain coat. We had gone a mile or two when Father thought of it and began looking for it. It could not be found. Then he knew he had left it by the side of the road. There was nothing to do but go back for it.

It was now raining again. Father alerted the drivers ahead, unhitched one of the horses, and rode back for his coat. He found it where he had left it for no one was on the road that day except this family.

With all of these delays it was almost dark, and it was raining hard. When it got too dark to see the road father had to get out and walk ahead of the front wagon with a lighted lantern to find the road. Mamma drove his team and Willie drove the team she had been driving. Oh how we longed for a place to stop! After a good while we saw a light ahead. Providentially for us, two men from the valley not far below, had come to the mountains a day or two before to chop wood. From their cabin near the road they had seen the light from Father's lantern, and thought some one was lost. They waved their lantern out the window and kept it there. We kept going toward the light until we came to the cabin.

What a blessing and a Godsend to the weary, belated travelers on a rainy night. This was the sheltering haven that God had prepared for us. The men were kind and took us in, making us welcome and letting mamma get our supper on their stove. We made our beds on their cabin floor and in the morning all had breakfast together. This was not the place we had expected to reach that night, but it was the place to which God in His mercy led us in our hour of need. "He careth for you."

The next morning the rain was over and the sun was shining. With thanks to our benefactors for their kindness, we went on our way rejoicing, for we were nearly over the mountains. In a few hours we were out of the timber and could look out over the Walla Walla Valley. It was a beautiful sight with its many valleys and hills, farms and farm houses surrounded by orchards and trees, some plowed fields, some yellow stubble where the grain had been threshed, straw stacks standing in the fields, and even some fields green with growing fall grain. The different colors, Father said, made it look like an immense crazy quilt.

Sometime that forenoon we passed the farm home of Mr. Newton Gibson; for, we learned later, they had lived on that they lived on that road. Years later the second oldest girl of that home and the boy, Willie, in one of the covered wagons, met in the college halls of Washington State College in Pullman, Washington, became friends and later, life companions.

The Philips family reached the town of Walla Walla in the early afternoon. There we got directions and instructions as to the road. It was sixteen miles to Mr. Erwin's home--too far to reach there by night fall. It was decided to go as far as we could, then camp for the night. We stopped at a little farm where lived the most churlish man we had met on our whole journey, or so it seemed to father--but we do not know his circumstances in life. He did not wish to be bothered with campers on that rainy night, so the men pitched the tent by the roadside. He did sell us hay for the horses.

It was a very uncomfortable night. The next morning we jogged on in the rain. When we were within a quarter of a mile of Mr. Erwin's home we had to cross a small branch of the Touchet River on which the Erwin's lived. There were no bridges, and a steep slippery bank on the far side of this little stream made it too much for two horses to pull the load up the bank. Again the men had to double team all three of the wagons.

At last we came to the big gate and the tree-lined lane that led to the Erwin home. They had been expecting us and gave us a warm welcome to their hospitable home. There were seven of us, but they took us all in, though their house was already full. Mr. and Mrs. Erwin had no children, but his mother lived with them, and her old uncle and aunt had come from Oregon to spend the winter, besides other relatives. Theirs was true western hospitality. They were remarkable people.

CHAPTER 7

Early Days in the West

It was interesting to the new arrivals to hear Mr. Erwin tell of some of his early experiences. He had "crossed the plains" with the early settlers in Oregon when he was a boy. Mrs. Erwin's people got to Oregon City just at the time of the Whitman Massacre near Walla Walla in 1847. Mr. and Mrs. Erwin had come to this place on the Touchet River some 25 or 30 years before and now had a fine productive farm. He had land for wheat raising, but his love and interest lay more in horticulture--fruit raising and gardening. He had developed a fine bearing orchard of apples, peaches, and pears. In the fall he took wagon loads of fruit and vegetables to the Kooteney mines in northern Idaho. He found there a ready market at paying prices. What fruit he could not sell fresh, they dried and sold profitably.

A Presbyterian Church had been recently organized in the village of Prescott, two miles from Mr. Erwin's home. The congregation was having its first communion service the next day after our arrival. There was no church building as yet, but the service was held in an upstairs room over a saloon where the night before a man had been shot and killed in a drunken brawl. Father had been an elder in the church in Kansas so he was asked to assist in this new organization.

A few days later father became ill. The dregs of malaria were still in his system and the strain and responsibility of the long trip were too much for him. He had a spell of fever again for about ten days.

As soon as Father was able to be out again he and Uncle Sam Harbison looked for a farm to rent for a year. A suitable place was found about 15 miles up the river nearer the mountains, and the family were glad to get settled. It was near the middle of November. The school was about 3 miles away. However, it was thought best for the children not to go to school that winter at all, but to get well and strong first. All gained in weight and in health that first year in Washington Territory. Father had no more sickness from malaria. Before the year was out he knew he would sell the Kansas home and stay in the West.

CHAPTER 8

The Coppei Farm

In the spring of 1884 Father and Uncle Sam made a trip to Idaho to look over that part of the country, for he had corresponded with a Mr. Evans of Lewiston, Idaho, who had told him of good opportunities there. They found the place Mr. Evans had in mind was far from town, church, and school. Father decided he would never go where he would not have church and school privileges for his family, even if he could make more money. That was a wise decision as we all knew, and the years have proved it in the lives of his family.

About mid-summer Father found what he thought was an ideal location for us--a 400 acre farm four miles from Waitsburg, with a good country school a quarter of a mile from the house. He did not have sufficient funds to pay for it in full, but he felt sure he could make it in a few years from the profits of the farm, and he did. He contracted to pay \$25.00 per acre for the farm. We moved to this home late in August, 1884, to be ready for school in September. There were now four children to go to school. Charlie was ready for his first term.

The Coppei farm was situated on the old Lewis and Clark trail from Lewiston, Idaho, to the Columbia River. This trail later became the stage coach route from Walla Walla to Lewiston. One of the stopping places for the stage was on this farm. Here

the drivers changed horses and had their meals. The old stage barn was still standing. Father used it as a storage place for farm machinery. The bridge across the rushing little mountain stream, the Coppel, still stood and was a great asset to the farm for most of our land lay on the other side of the creek. The road had been changed a few years before we moved there and did not run directly past the house as it formerly had.

The children all attended the Coppel School, a good country school with an enrollment of 35 or 40. We had some excellent teachers in those days. Especially we remember Mr. James Taggart who was our instructor for two years.

Soon after getting settled in our new home father wrote to the Home Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church and told them of his hope for a church in Waitsburg and asked whether there was any chance for a missionary to be sent to explore the field. There were already two or three families besides his own who were of that denomination. The Home Mission Board was very responsive and was glad to get an interested friend of the U. P. Church in the West. That fall the Rev. Joseph Alter was sent to Waitsburg to explore the field in Washington Territory. He arrived the latter part of October, 1884, and came directly to our home.

Rev. Alter had not been well on his way west and a few days after his arrival he came down with a case of typhoid fever. He lay ill for seven weeks. Father and Mother cared for him as if he had been one of the family. Finally he was able to come down stairs and gradually he regained his health.

In March he preached his first sermon in our school house. Later in the spring he went on horseback north to Colfax and vicinity, for he had learned there were several families of U. P.'s in that part of the Territory. He organized a church in Colfax and one in the country near there; he was pastor of both congregations for several years.

Two years after Rev. Alter came west, Dr. W. G. M. Hayes was sent to take up the work at Waitsburg. It proved to be a wise choice for he was an educator as well as an excellent preacher. He held services in the Christian Church, and an organization was effected in June, 1886. Clara and Charlie united with the church that year. With the aid of the Home Mission Board, a church building was erected within a few months.

Dr. Hayes soon saw the need for some higher education for the young people of Waitsburg and vicinity, for there were no high schools at that time. With the help of a college classmate, Mr. J. Given Thompson, he organized an academy under the care of the U. P. Church. Classes were opened in the new church building in the fall of 1886. The attendance was small at first but it soon became recognized as a helpful asset to the town, for the teachers it brought were young men and women of

culture and high Christian character. During the twenty years of its existence the Academy did a great service in helping to mould the character and future lives of many young people in that part of the territory and state.

CHAPTER 9

A Letter and a Trip East

Those early years on the Coppel farm brought many new experiences for the whole family. Corn had been the principal crop in Kansas. Here it was wheat. The farm was much larger and required much more equipment. Father needed more horses, so he bought a few good mares, and with their colts he gradually increased the number of work horses. The same with other stock, cattle and hogs. Father believed in diversified farming and did not confine his crop wholly to wheat raising as did most of his neighbors. He raised some oats, barley, and corn for feed for the stock.

In 1885 a little son was born to Mother and Father, Alfred Wilson Phillips, Jr.. He was a beloved little son and brother, nine years younger than Charlie.

In 1889 when brother Will reached his 21st birthday, Father gave him a horse of his own. But more prized even than the horse was the letter that father read to him after family worship that birthday morning. It told of their joy at the birth of their first born son, of their dedicating him to God and praying that he might grow up to be a true child of God and a useful member of society. It told him that he had always been obedient to them and had never willingly caused them trouble or gone against their wishes. It further commended him for being a dutiful son. Now in the eyes of the law, he had reached the age of manhood and responsibility and was free from parental responsibility, yet their love and interest in him would be the same as before. They had cared for him when he could not care for himself, but the time would probably come when they would be in need of care themselves, and they hoped he would be considerate of them. * * * It was a touching scene and one that was a blessing to us all. That letter from Father was greatly appreciated and preserved by brother Will, and after his long and useful life had closed at 89 years of age, his eldest daughter typed a copy of it and sent it to his sisters. Brother Will and his family lovingly helped to care for mother and father, though there was 23 years difference in their lives. Our own mother passed away in 1893, ten years after coming to Washington Territory.

In 1890 father was sent by our congregation as a commissioner to the General Assembly in Buffalo, N. Y. Our mother and little brother Alfred, then 5 years old, made the trip with him. They went early in May and were gone until July 4. Father

had things organized on the farm so that the four older children could be left to care for the home and farm in his absence.

Their first stop was at Garnett, Kansas, to visit old friends there for a few days. It had been seven years since they left Kansas, and father had no desire to return to live there permanently. He had regained his health and his old-time zest for living. He had bettered his condition financially. He felt that they had been wisely led in the move to the far west. After a few days in Garnett they went to Bloomington, Indiana, for a short visit there before Assembly.

The meeting was a time of inspiration and blessing for them. It was a wonder to many that a representative from the church at Waitsburg, Washington Territory, would come so far for a church meeting. The church leaders felt that the time had come for extending the work of our denomination in the Far West. That fall of 1890, Dr. W. A. Spalding came to Spokane and opened work there. A little later the Rev. Kirkpatrick was sent to Tacoma, and another U. P. minister was sent to Seattle, and thus the church began in different places. Father never claimed any honor for extending the work of the church, but doubtless his presence at the assembly that year helped the leaders or influenced them in their decision to begin at once to increase the number of churches in the far west and in Washington Territory particularly.

After the General Assembly closed in May, Father and Mother had time to visit relatives in different places, but their main visit was at mother's old home in Bloomington. A family reunion was planned. All the brothers and sisters came to join the ones from the Far West. Aunt Mollie Roddy and husband were the only ones who had passed to the Home beyond. On the special day when the clan gathered for the dinner in the yard of the old home there were 120 people present, and all were related in some way except the pastor and his wife. It was a very happy occasion for the brothers and sisters and friends, to have this time of fellowship together again.

Then they turned their faces westward again.

There was great rejoicing in the family home when Father, Mother, and Brother Alfred reached home again safely after such a long train trip. It was seven years since the first arrival in 1883 - - now under very different circumstances.

CHAPTER 10

"Where I Am there Ye Shall Be"

At holiday time the next year Father and Mother planned to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their marriage. In the early days of December they mailed the announcements to their relatives in the East, but on the 10th of December, 1891, our dear mother was taken sick with what proved to be typhoid fever. The three older children who were then attending school at the academy, came home to care for her and did not go back again that year. Mother was better by February and able to sit up, but she took a relapse and this time the disease settled in the weakest part of her body which was her lungs. She had had a cough in the mornings for years, and her lungs were weakened. Now they gave way rapidly.

The next summer Father had her spend much time in the cool mountain air. Different members of the family stayed with her and she seemed somewhat improved by fall; but we soon knew she was losing ground.

As strength grew less her faith grew stronger. As Paul says, "Though the outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day". Her one regret was to leave her husband and children, especially Alfred, who was only 7 years old at the time of her death. But she committed them all to God's care and rested in faith on His words of promise for her and for them.

The girls cared for her during the day, and father and brother Will took turns sitting up with her at night. She looked forward with joy to the time when she would be released from the frail body and she could be with the Lord. She talked with her family and friends and felt a deep concern for those of whose salvation she was in doubt. She asked to have one of the hired men come to her bedside and she led him to accept the Lord. He united with the church later. One promise that gave her great comfort was John 14:1-3. "Where I am, there ye shall be also", she repeated with much assurance. It was a glorious ending of a life of faith and communion with God that had been a joy to her and a testimony to her family and to many friends.

January 26, 1893 was the day she went home to be with the Lord.

After mamma's death father said he would have to be both father and mother to his family, and no father was ever more understanding and loving than he. He loved his children when they were little, and he loved them when they were growing up, and when they were grown. He had the confidence and love of all the family.

CHAPTER 11

Day by Day

Ada was to graduate from the Academy in the spring and it was thought best for her to go back to school and finish the course, which she did in May 1893.

Will taught a spring term of school at Covella in Columbia County. It was a country school with many nearly grown boys and girls. He had a very successful term but it was his only teaching experience.

Clara and Charlie were in the home, and Alfred was in the nearby country school. Clara had help in the home and the teacher of the school, who was a friend of the family, boarded with them.

Father was again asked to go to the General Assembly to represent the church and the school. Since Will was away from home father entrusted the care and management of the business on the farm to Charlie, then a 16-year old boy. He gave him the legal right to make checks and to do business for him. He took him to the bank and told the bankers he was leaving Charlie in care of the farm while he was away and asked the bankers to honor all checks made in his father's name until his return. Charlie greatly appreciated the confidence father placed in him and did his best to be worthy of the trust.

While in the East that summer father attended the World's Fair in Chicago and greatly enjoyed the display of world improvements and products, as well as seeing people from all over the world. While there he met his old friend, Mr. S. H. Erwin, of Prescott, Washington, who also was attending the fair. He visited friends in Indiana and Ohio and returned to the Washington home in time for haying and harvest.

The year of 1893 was long remembered as the "rainy harvest season". Fall rains came early while much of the grain was yet unthrashed. The men could not get the sacks of grain hauled to the warehouses before it sprouted in the sacks. Much of it had to be unsacked and let dry out before it was marketable at all, and then at a reduced price.

In the fall of 1893 Cousin Enoch Albert Bryan*, the eldest son of father's sister, Aunt Jane Bryan, came to Waitsburg to visit father and the family for a day or two before beginning his duties as president of the Washington State Agricultural College at Pullman. For twenty-four years he guided the policies of the school through its trying years, for it had been established only a few years before, and many were the struggles with government leaders for funds and equipment to help build it into the great school it is today. His brother, William Bryan, a few years later was taking on the duties of president of the University of Indiana at Bloomington. Aunt Jane's

*See note, page 42.

youngest son, after some years of teaching, became a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, but serious lung trouble cut his span of life very short.

The three daughters of Aunt Jane Bryan were all engaged in useful missionary work. The eldest daughter married a minister and together they worked among the colored people in the South. Cousin Belle was married but was always interested in teaching Bible classes and helping the Italian women of Pittsburg, Pa., in their missionary work. Cousin Jennie was for some years City Missionary in Pittsburgh and worked especially among the Italian people. Cousin William, years later, after the death of his invalid wife, took his sisters, Belle and Jennie, to his home on the university campus to spend their declining years of life. They were a long lived family. Jennie lived to be 90 years of age; Belle, 101, and William passed away at 95 years of age.

In June, 1894, Uncle Sam Harbison was married to Miss Ida James, a dearly loved friend who had come to Waitsburg from Monmouth, Illinois, a few years before and was a member of our Waitsburg church. Uncle Sam had been a member of our family much of the time since he came to Washington in 1883. Soon after their marriage they went to Pullman where he was employed on the college farm for a year or two until he joined his brother, Dave, in the butcher business in Fayetteville, Arkansas, where their sister, Jennie, also lived. Here they lived and raised their family.

That spring brother, Allie, as we called him as a little boy, was trying again to have a flower garden. There was a small plot of ground behind the woodshed that he spaded up and planted to flowers; but it was too shady and the flowers had done little good the year before. Now he started again to have flowers there. Father, with his understanding heart and love for his little son, saw his interest and love for flowers and that he needed encouragement in this line or he would lose heart. So he told him he would give him a good place for his garden. Father gave him a choice corner of the vegetable garden and told him this was to be his for raising flowers. Allie was very happy and laid the plot of ground out in beds with walks sowed with grass between the beds. For years he cultivated his little garden and his flowers were the pride of his heart and of the family's. His love of flowers has remained a life-long characteristic, and his yard is beautiful with choice flowers in which he takes great pride and comfort although it takes much time and labor. He has inherited Father's love for growing fruits and vegetables as well.

Another of Father's interests was the raising of stock: cattle, horses, and hogs. He always kept eight or ten milk cows which gave him a constant supply of young cattle to sell to the butcher or to keep for milking purposes. One story of Father's experience which caused a laugh for the family and others we remember.

Father had a 2-year old steer for market one summer. He wrote to a butcher in Walla Walla and asked if he wanted to buy the animal and what price he would pay. The butcher was writing several letters the day he answered father's and, by mistake, he put his letter to father into an envelope addressed to Mr. C. W. Wheeler, the editor of our Waitsburg newspaper. The letter stated, "Yes, I'll take him and will pay 12¢ per pound if he don't weigh more than 200 pounds with his head and feet off." Mr. Wheeler, who was a very large man, saw the joke and had great fun over it. The letter was addressed to father on the inside so Mr. Wheeler sent it on to him and added a note saying "Now I know what I'm worth", and signed his name. He also wrote up the joke in his paper. Then father and Mr. Wheeler exchanged letters and had much fun over the mistake.

With eight or ten cows to milk we had much more milk than was needed for home use, so much butter was made for sale. This was woman's work, but the boys helped when not busy with other things. Brother Charlie tells now that he learned the ten commandments by pinning a card up in the cellar and committing them to memory while he churned with the old dasher churn. He adds, "And I can say them yet." The girls did the marketing of the butter.

The hogs were even more profitable. Charlie tells us that Father always kept 8 or 10 brood sows and would usually have many head of hogs each year. He was among the first to raise pure blood Poland China hogs in that part of the country, and the first to raise alfalfa for pasture for hogs. He fed chopped barley for grain feed. He used to feed and butcher from 30 to 40 hogs each year. On a cold winter day, with three or four neighbor men to help, they would kill, scald and scrape the hair off, and do all the work of butchering in one day, then hang the clean carcasses up to freeze that night.

Usually they had two butcherings each year. When the butchered hogs were ready to be cut into hams, shoulders, and sides, the men would trim them for sausage and lard, and cure them by smoke. When smoked sufficiently, the cured meat was packed in fresh barley in a big piano box in the smoke house. When the meat was right Father would take a wagon load to Walla Walla, 20 miles distant, to sell. He sold bacon, shoulders, and some hams, but kept most of the hams for home use. He always believed in providing the best for his family.

In later years Father did not butcher but sold his hogs live weight. He shipped the first car of hogs that was ever shipped from Waitsburg. That was much less work and equally profitable, if not more so.

Many Changes in the Home

Father was a successful farmer and an aggressive one, but this did by no means comprise all his interests, for the church and the academy were a vital part of his life. He was appointed a regent of the academy and had much to do with forming the policies of the school and the hiring of the teachers.

Miss Ina L. Robertson came as principal while Dr. Hays was still president. Her coming marked a real epoch in the school. She was an excellent teacher, had a pleasing personality, and had much executive ability. She was an earnest, consecrated Christian, and had a wide influence for good. She had a real personal interest in her pupils and had much to do in wisely guiding the development of their Christian lives and characters. A Christian Endeavor Society had been organized before she came and she was a wise counsellor and helper in our society. She gave five years of her life to the academy and to the church, then went on to larger fields of service in the East.

While she was in Waitsburg she and Dr. Hayes both went East in 1894, he to attend general assembly of the church, and she, in the interests of the school, to select a suitable teacher and raise funds for the academy. While away they both attended the meeting of the Chatauqua, that gathering for educational and religious instruction that was held annually in New York state in that era. There they met a teacher from Clarinda, Iowa, a United Presbyterian woman who was very friendly and sociable. They both enjoyed her company and thought her a very fine woman. Miss Robertson told her about the academy in Washington and about her quest for a suitable teacher. This lady, Miss Martha Simpson, told her of her niece who was a junior in college but who had already had several years' successful teaching experience and who was anxious to teach another year or two to earn funds to complete her college education. Miss Robertson was interested. She went to Miss Dysart's home to meet her, after which she engaged her to teach in the academy for a year. Miss Dysart remained two years, and was a very capable teacher, much loved by the young people in school and church circles. Often she was in our home in the country and she came to know the family intimately. She recognized in father many fine qualities and we were all fond of her and considered her a good friend.

It was now three and a half years since our mother had passed to the Home above. Father began to feel the need of a companion of near his own age. He felt, too, that it would be better for the daughters to have some one to share the responsibility of the home if just the right person could be found. Alfred was still a young boy and would need guidance for years. He did not know anyone of his acquaintance that he felt he wanted to bring into the home as wife and mother.

When Miss Dysart was ready to graduate from college the next spring after she went East, she wrote father inviting him to her graduation and to visit in her father's and mother's home a few days and to meet her aunt, Miss Martha Simpson, who had now retired from teaching. She believed he would find in her the companion he needed, that her aunt would be happy with his family, and that they would be happy in her companionship. She further believed that her aunt could be helpful to them and that she could adapt herself to life on the farm as she had been brought up on a farm in Pennsylvania. She had been a teacher most of her mature life but her teaching had been largely with older boys and girls of 8th and 9th grade. She understood them and enjoyed young people.

Father felt a desire to see and get acquainted with Miss Simpson. He had known of her through three trusted friends who were deeply interested in the good of him and his family.

Father talked with us very frankly and freely about this. He was always considerate of our feelings and of our happiness, and in nothing so much as this. We knew he would not do anything he did not think was for our good and our happiness as a family. We wanted what was for his good and happiness and we were willing to cooperate.

Father was to go East again that spring for the annual denominational church meeting. We knew when he left home that he would make Miss Simpson's acquaintance and that it might make a difference in our home life.

He stopped a few days at the Dysart home and met Miss Simpson. They were happy in each other's company and talked of conditions in the western home. Each prayed to know God's will for their lives. They decided to have more time to know each other better and that father should stop on his way home. He did, and after several days' visit again they talked of marriage, but father said they would make no definite plans until he again talked with his family. If they were willing to receive her and do their part to make her welcome and happy, they would consider being married if she were willing. It was a serious question for them both. It was an unusual courtship for they had known each other for so short a time, but they always felt it was the plan of God that they should be companions for the rest of their lives, and so did we children.

Martha Simpson came West, and Father met her in Spokane, Washington. They were married on Thanksgiving Day, 1896 by Father's friend, Rev. Dr. Spaulding, in his home. Our brother Will, was best man for his father. She was a wise and good woman, but very different from our own mother. She soon adjusted herself to the new surroundings and, being of a very sociable nature, she very soon came to be known and loved by all our friends. She took a deep interest in each member of the family and grew to love and be helpful to them. She and father, Ada and Alfred, together with a hired man, were in the home that first winter. Clara and Charlie were at home over the week ends

for they were attending the academy in town. Brother Will had now been in the State Agricultural College at Pullman for two two years.

A little joke that was fun for Alfred we will note. One day Father and Mother were going to call on some of the neighbors who had been to see the new wife. Mother was taking a calling card and had written her name, Martha A. Simpson. Alfred walked by the table and saw it lying there and said to her, "Why that isn't your name now is it?" Mother laughed with the rest of the family and said, "Well, I have written that name for more than fifty years, so for the moment I forgot that it is now Philips. I'll soon get used to the name."

She was a good and helpful companion for Father for the rest of his twenty years of life; She lived for twelve years after his death, loved and cared for to the end. She was nearly 90 years old when she passed away.

The next year after Mother came into the home, Ada went to Monmouth College in Illinois, one of our U. P. Colleges. She was there in school two years, spending the summer of 1898 with Father's elderly sister, Sarah Hanna, and with our mother's relatives in Bloomington, Indiana. She was glad to see the relatives of whom she had heard but not seen since she was a little girl 9 years old. She came home the spring of 1899 but did not begin her regular teaching experience until after we left the farm.

Mother encouraged and helped the girls in their educational and social life. She suggested a number of improvements in the home and Father carried them out insofar as he was able. A new kitchen was built and the pantry transformed into a bathroom. Double windows were placed at the east end and a window box with bright flowers added much of beauty as we looked out over the garden and the orchard.

Alfred tells us of what he considered a beautiful thing which Father did for him when he was a young boy--a thing which helped him to understand Father's love and wisdom in training his little son. That spring Father had bought a young Poland China pedigreed hog which he fed and cared for himself. Now that he was going away he wanted to leave it with someone who would give it special care. He could have left it with Charlie or the hired man who had been there for several years and was very trustworthy, but he chose to leave it with Alfred, his 11-year old son, because he thought it would be good for him to learn to take responsibility. He took him out and showed him exactly what he wanted done and told him he was depending on him to be faithful to the trust he was placing in him. Alfred was faithful and never once forgot. He says now that that helped him more than anything Father ever did for him.

As soon as brother, Will, was old enough to manage an eight-horse team and the machinery, Father bought a header and Will

had charge of heading the wheat on our farm and that of our neighbor, Mr. Eaton. Before that, Father had hired both the heading and threshing done. While the boys were in college they always came home to help with harvesting the crop, this earning money for their college expenses. They often brought college friends with them for harvest work on the farm. Will continued to manage the heading crew until he finished college and began farming for himself.

One summer the rains came early before the threshing was done. The threshers were on our farm for nearly a week, unable to work on account of rain. Sabbath morning dawned clear and bright. When Father and Mother awoke they heard the hum of the threshing machine. Mother said "Those men are working! That will never do!" Father went to the barn, saddled a horse and rode to the field. "Gentlemen", he said, "No threshing today; this is God's day". The owner of the machine said, "Why, man, we have been here nearly a week without working. We must work when the sun shines or you will lose your crop." Father said, "The loss will be mine. No threshing today." The machine was stopped but the men wondered that he would be willing to risk losing his crop. The rest of the week was clear and sunny.

When Charlie first went to college, Father gave him one of the best cows on the farm. Charlie rented a stall in Dr. Hayes' barn, laid in a supply of hay and grain for feed, and night and morning he walked down the hill from the dormitory to milk his cow and deliver the milk. He carried his milk can and quart measure and sold to his customers milk at 5¢ per quart, thus helping to pay his board bill. He now likes to tell of his early experience as a dairyman. Charlie graduated from Washington Agricultural College in 1902, a member of the first class to graduate from the Veterinary Science course in that school.

CHAPTER 13

Last Years on the Copeii Farm

There was one wheat field on the farm that had a corner infested with wild fern which was troublesome both in the header and in the thresher. Father decided this plot would be more profitable in some crop that would require frequent cultivation, so he planted it to prune trees. He set out 1,000 prune trees on this ten-acre tract. In a few years when this orchard came into bearing, he built a drier. Then we had two harvests, wheat harvest in July and August, and prune harvest in September. It required a good many workers: men to pick and haul the fruit to the drier, and women to spread it on the trays. Charlie managed the drier in the day time. Mr. Tabor managed it at night, for the fire must be kept going day and night. Charlie tells us now that they put about three tons of fresh fruit into the drier each day. That made one ton of dried fruit.

The prune season lasted three or four weeks and there were from thirty to thirty-five tons of dried fruit each year. It was packed in 100-lb bags, sold locally or shipped, at from seven to nine cents per pound. Then the cost of drying became more than the fruit brought so he did not dry them the last year on the farm.

Accidents sometimes happen on the farm. Clara had one in 1895. She was riding our pony, Frank, when he made a quick jump which unseated her and she fell heavily to the ground injuring her hip. There was a deep dull pain there for years which later caused serious trouble.

Father had several injuries. The most serious one, and the one which later caused his death, was a fall from the high seat of a wagon. He was taking a load of barley to the mill to have it chopped for feed for the hogs. It was winter and the ground was frozen. One wheel broke through the ice and dropped into a deep rut causing the wagon to lurch and throw him from the high seat. He struck the frozen ground on his head and shoulders, injuring vertebrae in his neck. We knew he was badly hurt but we did not know how seriously until years later when neuritis developed from the pressure on those nerves.

Brother Will had graduated from Washington Agricultural College in 1898 (the second class to graduate from that institution), and rented a farm near Pullman and began farming for himself. He was alone for a while then had a woman and her son with him, but neither had been very satisfactory, so he asked Ada if she would come to keep house for him and help make it a home. Mother and Clara were in the home so she could be spared, so she went with the loved brother to the farm. There was a four-room house which they fixed up and were comfortable and happy. It was only two miles from Pullman where Dr. Hayes was now pastor of the United Presbyterian Church. They had many pleasant associations with church and college young people. Brother Will was married to Miss Olive Gibson, a college friend, on Thanksgiving Day in 1901. The Philips family came to Pullman for the wedding. The young people were married in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Gibson, and Dr. W. G. M. Hayes performed the ceremony.

Charlie was to graduate from college the following spring and father thought he would want to follow his chosen profession. Brother Alfred was in the Academy, but Father wanted him to have a college education also, and he felt that the responsibility of the farm would be too much for him alone. He decided to sell the farm. Charlie tells us now that it was a great disappointment to when Father decided to sell, for he loved the farm and had hoped to live and die right there, but there was a larger field of service for him in his chosen profession.

Mr. McCown, who owned the farm next to ours, was anxious to buy to add to his farm, for, like some other farmers, he

wanted to buy more land to raise more wheat, to buy more land, to raise more wheat. He had three sons who all wanted to be farmers. He bought our 400 acres and the neighbor's farm on the other side of him, so he had a large tract of land lying together.

CHAPTER 14

The Waitsburg Home

Father had often said he did not want "just a lot in town" when he left the farm after an active life there. He found an attractive location, a 7-acre tract just outside the city limits of Waitsburg, with a nice new house. He bought it for \$3,000.00. It was a good home for the family and they all liked it.

Father divided our mother's share of the farm to the children, for he had sold the farm for \$50.00 per acre, or \$20,000. Will took his share largely in horses and machinery from the farm to use in his farming operations. Father prepared now to make this place in Waitsburg a good permanent home. He again planted a large orchard of apples, pears, peaches, and cherries. He made many improvements in the next few months.

That summer, after Charlie had helped to get the family settled in the new home, he left the parental roof to begin life for himself. With thankfulness for his cheery, happy service on the farm and in the home, and with hopes and prayers for God's blessing for him, we said goodbye to the dear brother. He went to the Puget Sound country which was a lumbering and dairying country where there were horses and cows in more abundance than at Waitsburg which was a wheat farming country. He settled on Mount Vernon as his place of business and has made that his life home.

Ada began teaching that fall, but near enough home that she could be home over the week end. Clara, the ever faithful one, stayed with father and mother and was needed, for they all found much to do.

A number of Waitsburg men became interested in investing in cheap land in Central Washington that was thrown open for settlement at that time. It was thought it could be brought under irrigation in the near future and would become valuable. In the meantime dry farming was fairly profitable.

Father bought a large tract of land at \$10.00 per acre and asked Brother Will and his wife to go over there to farm. The land lay on a plateau between the Yakima and Columbia Rivers and, because of the rich bunch grass that grew among the sage brush, and because wild horses had earlier roamed over these unsettled acres, it had been called Horse Heaven!

Will and his family lived there for seven years, but the seasons were dry and the crops were poor. The wind blew and sometimes blew the wheat seed out of the ground. They were thirteen miles from Prosser -- too far to go to church. They and other neighbors had a Sabbath School in the country school house, but as the children were getting old enough for school and the crops were extremely poor they felt they should come back where crops were surer and life less difficult for the family. They moved back to the Touchet Valley where they had better school and church privileges.

Those years in Horse Heaven were hard difficult ones. Crops have been better in later years, but for a family who wanted to educate their children it was not the place.

Alfred graduated from the academy the next year after we moved to town, and in the fall of 1904 he entered Monmouth College in Monmouth, Illinois.

High schools were becoming general about the turn of the century. Because they were free schools, and the academy must, of necessity, charge tuition to pay expenses, the attendance began to diminish. The courses of study were nearly the same in both schools. After a few years it was felt unwise to keep up the academy. While the teachers in the high school were good, the Christian influence was not the same.

With the academy students and teachers gone from the church it was difficult to keep the congregation going. There was a Presbyterian Church in Waitsburg, so it seemed wise to the ministers of the Presbytery, to close both the school and the church. Father had much of the responsibility and much of the business resting upon his shoulders in such a move. He faithfully looked after the disposal of the property for the Presbytery.

The academy building was bought by the City of Waitsburg for a high school. It was a sorrow to the family and to the church as a whole, but circumstances had changed with the years and all felt that both church and school had villed a need when they were organized, and through the twenty years of their existence.

By 1905 Mr. and Mrs. Erwin, or Uncle Sam and Aunt Mary, as we had learned to call them, sold the farm to Mr. Frank Dice and his family who had come to Washington from Pennsylvania and had been renting the farm for several years. Uncle Sam had a large comfortable house build in Prescott, just across the street from the Presbyterian Church and parsonage, so they would be close to the place of worship which was dear to them.

They moved into the new home in October. While Uncle Sam and his nephew were bringing a load of hay from the farm

to the new barn in town, the load slipped off the wagon and Uncle Sam was thrown to the ground in such a way that he was fatally injured. He died within an hour after he was taken to his home.

The shock of the sudden death of her life companion and of being left alone in her old age was almost overwhelming to Aunt Mary; but her faith in God and the assurance of His love and care sustained her. Her two brothers and their families, also her sister and her family, lived near. The comfort and help they gave her strengthened her and helped her to bear the sorrow.

Some of Aunt Mary's family stayed with her part of the time. In the fall of 1907 Ada, after teaching two years in Prosser, in central Washington, went to teach in the Prescott schools. That was nearer Waitsburg and she would live with Aunt Mary, which was a help to both. For ten years during the school year, they were congenial helpful companions.

CHAPTER 15

Later Events in the Family

Clara taught for three years in country schools in Columbia County. In the spring of 1908 when Alfred was ready to graduate from Monmouth College, it was thought that Clara should go East to attend his graduation. She had not been well that year but thought the trip might be good for her. When mother's sister, Mrs. Dysart and family, came to Waitsburg for a visit, it was decided that Clara should accompany them East. She would visit relatives in Fayetteville, Arkansas, and then go to Monmouth for Commencement. She made the trip with the Dysart's then went to Fayetteville to mamma's sister and brothers. While there she became really ill and it was found that an operation was necessary.

Word was sent home and Ada went East to be with her. Alfred also joined them after commencement. Then all three went to Springfield, Missouri, where Clara could be under the care of mother's nephew, Dr. Montgomery King. An abscess had formed in the hip, no doubt caused by the injury she had received from the fall from the horse long years before. After the abscess drained and healed the trouble shifted to the knee. It was at first thought to be tubercular in nature but this did not prove to be the case. The knee gave quite serious trouble off and on for many years, but did not keep her from being father's nurse when he needed her so badly.

In a few years father began having trouble in his arm--Neuritis, the doctors called it--caused from the injury received in the fall from the wagon when he fell on the frozen ground. A vertebra had been misplaced and now, after this long time, would not stay when put back where it belonged,

so the pressure could not be removed from the worn nerves. On his doctor's advice he, mother, and Clara, went to California for treatment. He had treatment at the Osteopathic College in Los Angeles, and from several doctors in Redlands, and finally as a last hope for relief the doctor advised amputating the arm. He had hopes for a time that that would bring relief, but it was only temporary. At last the doctors told him nothing more could be done for the nerve pain. Then he wanted to go home to his family. They returned to Waitsburg in July, 1915.

Will, Olive, and family had rented the home in Waitsburg and were living there. The other boys came home to see father. We had a family picture taken then and father felt and knew that life was near its end for him. Clara was thin and worn from her care and anxiety about him, and needed help in caring for him; so father asked Will and Olive to stay right there in the home. They did, and were splendid help and very faithful in caring for him until his death came the 19th of April, 1916.

The children were all thoughtful and kind, even little Mabelle who was five years old. When she saw by father's face that he was suffering severely she would get a book of Bible songs, summon the family, and begin to sing, for they had found that singing took his attention temporarily and seemed to give some relief from the pain. He patiently bore his suffering and after the paroxysms of pain were past he often said "It was worth it all for it brought me so near to God". He had the presence of God so real to him that it was a great joy and comfort to him even in his suffering. His friends often said they did not understand why so good a man as Mr. Phillips should have to suffer so much; but Father never questioned why, but rejoiced in the goodness of God. Clara was the faithful nurse with the help of the rest of the family. Ada was teaching at Prescott and was home only over the week ends.

When the end came the family felt that they would like to have Rev. W. A. Spaulding conduct the service. He was a good friend and had married father and our step-mother twenty years before. He came from Seattle to Waitsburg for the funeral service. His text was Psalm 94:19 "In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul". We thought it very fitting and very true of father's experience. The sons were all home again: Charlie from Mount Vernon and Alfred from Cheney. We all thanked God for our godly father and rejoiced that he was now in the Heavenly home with the Lord he loved and served through his life of 80 years.

CHAPTER 16

Our Days Are Numbered

Now came changes for the family. It was thought best to rent the home. Will needed to get where he would have more land to farm. Ada and Clara wanted to attend summer school in Cheney, Washington. We packed the furniture in one room up stairs and rented the place to a good family. Then Mother and Clara rented a house in Prescott near Aunt Mary Erwin's home for the winter. Ada had lived with Aunt Mary during the school year while teaching there, but her adopted daughter came to live with Aunt Mary, and Ada lived with Mother and Clara. Clara taught that year at a nearby country school.

At Thanksgiving time Clara had a letter from Dr. A. T. Ambrose, a fine man they had met in Redlands. He wrote asking her to be his wife. He had brought his first wife from Pennsylvania to Redlands for her health but she had died in 1915 and he took the body back to the old home. He was a distant relative of our step-mother and had come to see mother while in Redlands, and in that way had come to know Clara and her faithfulness to her family. They corresponded but their acquaintance had been short. He came to Washington in April after school closed. They were married on May 24, 1917.

Like father and mother, they had to learn each other's ways mostly after they were married. Dr. Ambrose was older than sister by a number of years. Like father, he was 60 years old when he and Clara were married, but he lived to be 92 years old so they had 32 years of married life together. He was a fine good man and it was a providential marriage, as we all felt father's and mother's had been. They came to Redlands that July and Mother came with them. Father had given to Clara the care of mother when he passed away.

In May the next year after Clara was married, brother Charlie's wife (Olive Aiken) died leaving him and his two children, Margaret - 11, and Stanley - 7. Ada went over for the funeral and it was decided that she would be with him the next year but continue her summer school work during the summers until she graduated from Normal school in 1919. She returned to Prescott and prepared to go to Mt. Vernon in the fall.

Ada was with Charlie for two years, then taught for two years in Sedro Woolley. At the close of the second year of school her health broke. After a summer of convalescence at Charlie's home and six weeks in a sanitarium in Seattle she came in the fall of 1922 to California. Mother had been staying with her sister, Mrs. Dysart, who was in very frail health and who died soon after. The nephew wanted mother to stay with him until he went East to his sister. So for a year or so Ada and Mother were together in San Bernardino, Los Angeles, and Riverside.

Clara's knee had been painful and they decided she should have an operation. Dr. Ellis Jones operated and took out a growth. He broke the knee cap which made the knee joint stiff ever after, but it was never painful afterward--just the handicap of a joint that will not bend. She has done more work than many women who have no handicap, and has lived a life of service to her family and church.

Clara cared for Ada and Mother while Ada was frail, then in 1926 Ada and Mother went to Long Beach on the doctor's advice and began keeping house in apartments for two and one-half years. Mother died on Thanksgiving Day in 1928. She lacked only a few months of being 90 years old, having lived a beautiful useful life. Her body was sent to Waitsburg where it was placed by father's, our own mother on one side and our step-mother on the other. Brother Charlie went over for the funeral and Brother Will and family were there.

Dr. Ambrose very kindly said to me, "Come out and live with us at Redlands", which I did. I was strong enough the next spring to go north where I spent a year and a half in brother Will's and Charlie's homes, and with Aunt Mary in Prescott. I came back to Redlands in October, 1930, and have made this my home since. For ten years my health was very frail, a semi-invalid; then I gradually got stronger. But after several breaks in health I found it wiser to live a quiet life at home helping sister with home duties. Dr. Ambrose was kind and generous but expected me to pay my share of the expenses which I was glad to do.

Dr. Ambrose was a retired dentist and had practiced in Pennsylvania for 35 years, but never after he came to California. He regretted that he had not taken a refresher course here so that he could practice in California, for he liked to be busy. He took pride in caring for his yard and garden and chickens. He liked to work around his garden in the forenoons; then he generally took several hours at the public horse shoe grounds in exercise and companionship of other elderly men. He was no mediocre player, for he won California State Championship prize of a beautiful gold watch.

Dr. and Clara made four auto trips back to Pennsylvania to visit his relatives. The brothers and sisters all passed away through the years and he was the last one left of his family. Hardening arteries began to trouble him after his last long trip in 1933 when he was 77 years of age. He suffered much pain in his feet and legs for years, but he kept active as long as he lived, though his strength was much impaired in his last years and his hearing bad. His energy and desire to do things for himself continued and he never wanted to be waited on. He was always thoughtful of others. His faith in God and love for God's word grew stronger as his span of life grew shorter. The last month he lived was one of great suffering, in the hospital under doctor's and nurses care. He died September 29, 1949. His nephews were his pall bearers. They have since been very kind to Clara and to me.

Ourselves and Our Posterity

The intervening years since Father's death have brought many changes to the family. Brother Alfred graduated from Monmouth College in 1908. His life work has been as a teacher in State Teachers' Colleges. He began his work in Eastern Washington Norman School, or State Teachers' College in Cheney. He was there for four or five years before going to Chicago University for his master's degree. He then taught in Normal, Illinois State Teachers' College, where his son, Alfred McKenzie Philips, was born; then went to Kansas State Teachers' College at Emporia, where he taught for 24 years. Two years before he left Emporia, Kansas, his wife, Ruth, died. His son had graduated and was teaching his first year in a nearby town. Kay married a college classmate and the following year came west to Aberdeen, Washington. The following year Alfred, too, came back to Eastern Washington, again to the College of Education in Cheney. That year he married Miss Nancy Broadnax, the Home Economics teacher who had been teaching there for 20 years.

Alfred and Nancy bought a scenic lot not far from the college and built a good house, planted orchard trees, shrubs, and a garden. Alfred, like his father, loves to see things grow and is a successful gardener and fruit grower. They have now reached retirement age and find plenty to occupy their time and strength on their little farm as they love to call it. They take time off for occasional trips to visit their son and his family of a wife and three young sons in Aberdeen, Washington; Nancy's family in Texas; and Alfred's sisters in California, much to the satisfaction of all. His son, Alfred McKenzie Philips has just completed his summer school series of studies and received his degree of Doctor of Education this year, 1958.

Brother Charlie has had 56 years of service to man and beast in veterinary work at Mt. Vernon and made a large circle of friends in church and among business associates and has had the esteem of all who knew him. He is now at 81 years of age working two or three days each week as State Meat Inspector, spending his spare time in his much loved flower garden. He has known sorrow in life because of the death of his companions in the home, but by faith in God and a naturally happy disposition, he has risen above these trials and has joy in his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, of which he has several.

He had an unusually happy experience in June, 1958, when his oldest grandson, Douglas, graduated from the School of Veterinary Medicine of Washington State College, from which Charlie was graduated in 1902, and his son Stanley, in 1934. The three generations of the Philips family were able to be present for this unusual event. Stanley and Margaret (nee Margaret Pierce) have three sons. The second son, Craig,

graduated this year from the University of Oregon, at Eugene, winning a Fulbright Scholarship which will take him to Edinburgh, Scotland, this fall for further study. Scott, their youngest son, is in his second year at the University of Oregon, majoring in music.

Charlie's oldest daughter, Margaret, has a married son, Dennis Lordan, who graduated from Gonzaga University in Spokane, married Mary Kathryn Orndorff, a beautiful girl, and together they went to Germany where he spent two years in the service of his country. They have four children. Margaret also has a daughter, Mary Alice, who, after a year in the university, married William Hurlbert. They have two children. Margaret's determination and ambition carried her over many hard experiences for she has suffered much from arthritis; but she has surmounted them. She had a position in a radio station in Moses Lake for several years, and is now in the Seattle area as are both her children and their families. All the little children are a joy to their great grandfather.

Dorothy, a daughter by the second wife, Vernia, had a musical education in the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. She was married and, with her husband, lived in New Jersey until his sudden death in the spring of 1958, leaving her with two small children.

During the late 1920's and 1930's Will's and Olive's children were taking their college and university work, preparing for lives of useful service. In 1929 Will's family moved from Waitsburg to Mt Vernon where they had a dairy farm for several years. In 1942 Will and Olive moved to Seattle where two of their daughters were then living. Will worked for three or four years in the Naval Supply Depot during the war, bought a nice home; and their later years were very happy helpful ones in church and home life, for they had great comfort in their fine family who were filling places of useful Christian service.

Will's eldest son, Dr. Smith Gibson Philips, received his medical degree at Harvard Medical School in Boston, Massachusetts, after having graduated from Washington State College. He has practiced medicine in Worcester, Massachusetts for many years. He married Elizabeth McCoy and they have three lovely daughters, Elizabeth Longstreet, Deborah Clark, and Sarah Gibson, Philips. Elizabeth is attending Radcliffe where she is a junior.

Will's eldest daughter, Martha, after graduating from Washington State College and teaching for several years, went into mission work. She has served many years in China and in Mexico.

Their next daughter, Mary, also graduated from the State College of Washington. After teaching several years she married Wilbur J. Abrams. They have two sons, Richard Clark, and Robert Vaughn, now attending Shoreline High School, and Lake Forest Park Elementary School, in Seattle.

The third daughter, Isabelle, after attending Washington State College, took nurses' training at Multnomah County Hospital in Portland, Oregon. She has one son William Philips Gorsline. She is now married to Robert Samuel Bell, who is an engineer having graduated from the University of Kansas.

William H. Philips., Jr., graduated from Sterling College in Kansas, and from Pittsburgh Zenia Seminary, in Pennsylvania. He married Eloise Gibson, and they have two daughters, Margaret, and Barbara, as well as a son, James. William and Eloise have been for many years missionaries in the Sudan in Africa.

"Them that honor me I will honor" has certainly been fulfilled in brother Will's and Olive's lives. One incident in brother Will's life that shows his stalwart Christian character was when the 50th anniversary of his graduation came. He and Olive were planning to go from Seattle to Pullman. The President of the college had invited them to spend their time as guests in his home; but when brother Will learned that the Commencement exercises and the reception for the old graduates of 50 years were to be held on Sabbath Day, Will did not think this was a suitable or right way to spend the Lord's Day. For him it would not be right. He wanted very much to be there to meet his old classmates, but he felt that he would be dishonoring God and going against his conscience. This he could not do, so, with bitter tears yet with the feeling he was doing right, he declined the invitation of the President and remained at home. He never regretted his decision for he felt he had God's approval and was in the right. It is the custom almost everywhere now to have the graduation on Sabbath. It was just beginning to be done then. We as a people are losing our reverence for God's day and gradually dishonoring Him more and more by doing our own pleasure and our own wills instead of obeying his commands.

In 1949 Will had a stroke which left him partially paralyzed on his right side, but it in no way effected his mentality. He was able to care for his yard until the last year of his life. His doctor son advised that they should sell the big house and go to a Home for neither Will nor Olive was able for the work there. This they planned to do and were getting things ready when another stroke came to brother Will. He was taken to the hospital and lived just one week.

Martha, (who is now doing deputation work with the Wycliffe Bible Translators, and had just finished a speaking engagement in Virginia) flew home immediately when she received the word. She reached home before her father lost consciousness and slipped quietly into the Father's presence. It was God's provision that she be there to comfort her mother and help her dismantle the home and go--not to the home for the aged, but--to the home of her daughter, Mary, and her family, where she is comfortable and happy.

Since Dr. Ambrose's death nine years ago, Clara and Ada have lived together in the home and enjoyed a fellowship together longer than is the privilege of most sisters. It has been a blessing to both, but especially to Ada who has shared Clara's home and her loving care and cheerful loving outlook on life. We have had help when either one has not been able to be around to share the duties. Our friend, Mrs. Ethel Waterhouse, has been with us most of the time for the past year or two, but not this past year. We are thankful to God for all his many blessings. We are thankful for our church associations and friends, and we trust God for the days to come.

During the past ten years Ada has had five hospital experiences, most of them from broken bones, but God has raised her up each time. He has cared for us in the past so, in the words of our friend of long ago, Miss Ina L. Robertson, "We thank Him for the past, we praise Him for the present, and we trust Him for the future".

Ada feels that she has not accomplished as much in life as God intended her to do, but His mercy has been ever about her. He greatly blest and has lengthened her days to 88 years and given her a desire to yet serve Him and be useful to others in some way. Clara serves yet in many ways in church and home at 83 years of age.

* * * * *

Here is a further note on Dr. Enoch Albert Bryan whose work was mentioned at the bottom of page 25.

For a few years after leaving Pullman, Dr. Bryan was Commissioner of Education for the State of Idaho. Then he returned to do research work for the college in Washington. His last years were spent in total blindness. At the present time a book of his life is being published by the college. "He is receiving honor now for the work he did long ago".

Since this history of the Philips Family was finished in the summer of 1958, changes have come to Clara and Ada. Instead of being in the home in Redlands, California, as they supposed they would be, they are now in the late fall, in the home of their brother, Dr. C. S. Philips, at Mt. Vernon, Washington. During the summer he had written asking them to come north to visit him and the other relatives in Washington, but they felt it was more than they were equal to at their ages and conditions of health, so they did not accept his invitation.

Again in September he wrote urging them to visit him, saying it was only a five-hour trip by airplane, that he would meet them at the airport in Seattle, even offering to pay their plane fare if they would come. They could not fail to take advantage of such an offer if at all possible, so they decided they would come and telephoned him to meet them on September 16.

They found the trip much easier than they had thought. Charlie met them in Seattle and after an hour's rest and visit with their niece, Mary Abrams, and her mother, he brought them the 65 miles north to his home at Mount Vernon. He and his efficient housekeeper, Mrs. Margit Anderson, made them very welcome and comfortable.

After a week's visit he told them that he would like for them to share his home with them permanently. He felt they were too far away from all the rest of the family as they grew older, and he would like his home to be their home. They knew they could not long continue to be alone in California. After consideration they decided to accept his and Mrs. Anderson's kind offer to live with them in his comfortable home.

Clara went back in a few weeks to get the house ready. She has rented it for the present and brought the things they needed.

Now we are happily settled in Mount Vernon and thanking God for the provision He has made for us--another evidence of His loving care and the love of the dear ones here in the home.

PHILIPS ANCESTRY

* - Indicates our direct ancestor

M. - Indicates Married

*Owen Philip } John) Joseph, James
M. } M. ?

*Mary Crane }

*David) Mary - 1763

M.) Rachel - 1765

*Mary Clark) Rebecca - 1767

*Enoch - 1771

John - 1773

*Enoch Philips) Mary 1793-1814

1771 - 1857) Rebecca 1798-1827 - M. John H. Smith - 1 daughter

M. (1)) David 1800 - 1800

Elizabeth Gault) David Gault 1803-1889 - M. Catherine Crane (M. in 1826)

1772 - 1807) John Clark 1806-1885 in 1828 M. Esther Crane

Two Infants -deceased

. (2) 1808)

to

*Catherine

Anderson

1790 - 1857

Elizabeth 1809-1844 M. Amos Holland - Children: Hunter and Jane

Sarah A. 1811 - 1908 M. Samuel Park 1806-1861 - Isabella - 1835-1836

M. Wm. Hanna - no children (Wm. Hanna had 5 children)

Julia A. 1813-1883 M. ? Tomlinson - no children

M. Thomas Hanna - no children

Mary A. 1815-1864 M. Wm. Sharp - no children

Catherine 1817 - ? M. David Snodgrass - Children: Alfred and Park

Enoch Wright 1819-1857 M. Jane Galbreath - Children listed separately.

Samuel Harvey 1821-1909 M. Martha Philips) Children listed

M. Marguerite Dysart) separately

William Hunter (M.D.) 1824 - M. Martha Patterson

Eliza Jane 1826-1880 M. Rev. John Bryan - children listed

James Smith 1830-1883 - not M.

Infant - deceased

*Alfred Wilson 1836-1916 M. Martha Harbison 1842-1893 - children listed.

M. Martha Simpson 1838-1928 - no children.

Samuel Harvey Philips) Katherine - M. Rev. Albert Henderson - no children
 (7th child of Enoch) Anna - deceased
 and Catherine) Park) Bert - deceased
 M. Martha Philips) M. (1) Jennie Taylor) Lida-M. W.F. Dainton) 1 daughter
 (1st Marriage))
) M. (2) Amy ?) Alexander
) Collins
) William) 1 son, 1 daughter
) Bryan
) Anderson - M. ?) 1 son
) Grace (teacher)
) Frances - M. Henry Springer - no children

M. (2)) Myrta - M.) Phyllis - M.) Richard - M. Beverly ?
 Margaret Dysart) A.W. Nolan) (1) R. Baird)
 who had 1 step-) (2) R. B. Dikeman
 daughter, Grace) Lulu - deceased
 Dysart Campbell) Eva - deceased
 1863-1957

Maud - M.) Thomas (M.D.) - M.) Nancy
 Claude Board) Mary Wolk)-Raymond
) Richard (M.D.) -
) M. Norma Wandell) Thomas, Donald,

William Hunter Philips
 (8th child of Enoch
 and Catherine)

1824 -) William (or David ?) M. D.
 M. (1) Margaret Patterson) Mary

(2) Harriet Carlin) Katherine - M.) Philips (M.D.) - M. ?) son and daughter
) Mr. Edson) Katherine - M. ?
) Farwell (Prof. In Ann Arbor)

Maud
 Carlin (M.D.) - M. ?

M. signifies "Married"

Eliza Jane Philips) Enoch Albert Bryan, Ph.D.) Bertha - deceased
 (9th child of Enoch) (Pres. St. Col. of Wash.) Arthur Wm. - M.) Barbara -) James
 and Catherine)) M. Bessie Buland) M. Jas. W.) Bruce
 M.) Hattie Williams Wylie) John
 Rev. John Bryan)

Eliza (Lila) - M.) Janet - M.) Thomas
 Norbert Kulzer) Thos. Weston) Anne
) Betsy Jane

Gertrude -) Harriet - M.) Autumn
 M. (1) Paul) Daniel)
 Keith Hill) Alexander)

M. (2) Robt. C.) Robert Bryan Hayes
 Hayes)

Elizabeth - M. Rev. Ramsey) Bryan and others

Mary Isabelle Bryan)
 M. Mr. Philips) no children

Wm. Lowe Bryan, PhD, (Pres. Univ. of Indiana)
 M. Lotta Lowe - no children

Joseph Bryan (minister) - not married.

James Smith Philips
 (10th child of Enoch
 and Catherine)
 1830-1883

not M.

M. signifies "Married"

*Alfred Wilson Phillips
1836-1916
(12th child of Enoch W.
and Catherine
Anderson)

M. (1) Martha Harbison
1842-1893)

Wm. Harbison) Smith Gibson (M.D.) Elizabeth Longstreet Phillips
1868-1957) M. Elizabeth McCoy) Deborah Clark Phillips
M. Olive) Sarah Gibson Phillips
Gibson
1877- Martha H. - not M.

Mary V. - M. Wilbur J.) Richard Clark Abrams
Abrams) Robert Vaughn Abrams
Labelle O. (nurse)) Wm. Phillips Gorsline - M.) Denise
M. (1) Kenneth Gorsline) Sharon Slettebak) Christopher.
M. (2) Robt. Samuel Bell - no children

Wm. H., Jr. - M.) Margaret Ann Phillips
Eloise Gibson) Barbara Jean Phillips
Mary Alice - deceased
James William Phillips

Ada Belle - 1870 -
not M.

Clara E. 1875 - 19__ - M. Dr. Amos T. Ambrose - no children

Charles Strong, DVS) Margaret - M.) Dennis - M.) Dennis
1877 - 19) Fred. Lordan) Katherine) Margaret
M (1.) Olive Aiken)) Orndorf) Kelly
Mary Alice) Theresa Ann
M. - Wm.) William Duane
Hurlbert)

Stanley E. (DVS) Douglas - M.) Teresa Lynn
M. Margaret) Molly McCoy)
Pierce) Craig
(1 daughter - Clare) Scott
Estabrook) Dorothy M.) Ilan
Julius Kroo) Sharan
M. (3) Elba Hannaford - no ch.

1885 -
Alfred Wilson Jr. (MA)) Alfred McKenzie (PhD) Dale
M. (1) Ruth Cleland) M. Janie Wood) Glenn
Craig

(2) Nancy Brodnax - no children.

Prepared by

Clara Phillips Ambrose

Ada B. Phillips in 1958